THE WIEE'S CONFESSION.

A PARLOR PLAY.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT AND WALTER

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HERRIES POLLOCK.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Lord Avenel, in shooting dress, aged twenty-seven.
Lady Avenel, newly married, aged Charlie-Vernon, second lieutenant, First Royal Gloucesters, aged twenty-one.

Martin, the butler.

SCENE. Breakfast room in Lord Avenel's country house. Butler discovered. He arranges chairs, smooths the table cloth, puts newspaper at the back of Lord Avenel's chair. Takes bundle of letters from a tray on the sideboard and lays them before three

Butler. Here's the lot, and a pretty lot it is. Glad I'm not his lordship's secretary. Answering all these letters every day would kill me in a week. Give me my pantry and the silver and I ask no better lot. For his lordship-one, two-(counts)twenty-four letters, with a parcel. (Takes up small parcel tied with red tape and sealed, looks at it, feels it, weighs it, presses it.) Marked "Immediate." Looks like as if it had paper inside of it. More reading-more writing. That pore young man, the secretary. Some folks are greatly to be pitied. Now my lady's letters. One, two-here's a scented one-something sweet from another lady-great ladies love each other a vast deal more than my friends in the servants' hall. Here's a tradesman's bill, I take it. Her ladyship isn't in a hurry to pay her bills, but give her time, give her time. What's the use of being a countess if you can't get time? One, two (counts) eleven letters, mostly invitations. Pleasure is a weary business. Give me my pantry and my silver. Hullo! Here's a rummy start! The last letter for my lady is just exactly in the same handwriting as the packet for my lord! Odd, ain't it? (Compares them.) Great square hand-same s's; same t's same-well, it doesn't matter to me. Here's the cap-tain's letters—one—that's a woman's handwriting. The captain has a way with him. Another letter—and snother—and—dash my buttons! If this isn't the rummiest go! Why—this letter is written in the same handwriting as the other two. It must be a hospital letter—or a church restoring—or a permanent incapable—well—well—(lays down letters before lieutenant's chair).

(Enter Charlie Vernon.) Her ladyship down yet?

Butler. Not yet, sir. Your letters, sir. (Puts them on tray and hands them. Lieut. Vernon snatches the letter whose handwriting has astonished the butler, puts the rest in his pocket and tears this one open and reads hurriedly.)

Vernon walks up and down the room
with versation. with vexation.) (Butier walks round the table critically,

Vernon. (Reads the letter again) "Since you have given me no answer to my first letter and none to my second, I shall prove to you that I can bite as well as bark. I have sent all the love letters that you have been writing to Lady Avenel to his lordship. You will have an opportu-nity of explaining things to him—I understand that you are his guest. This will make the business all the pleasanter for you." This is a pretty business. Why the devil didn't Isabel destroy the confounded letters when we broke it off? This person is a woman, clearly; an uneducated woman—where is Isabel? Why doesn't she come down in proper time for breakfast? Oh! confound the thing! What am I to say? There's no date, I know there's no date on any of the letters. He will think they were written yesterday!

(Eater Lady Avenel.) Lady A. Good morning, Charle. Have you got any letters this morning—anything from Clarice? Vernon, I haven't looked—yet. I've had

something else to think about Lady A. What is the matter, my dear boy? You look werried.

Vernen, I am worried. Look here, Isabelyou remember two years ago, when I thought that you were in love with me-Lady A. (coldly) Well? This is hardly the place for these reminiscences, is it? Vernon, Yes-I-know-but-There were letters-I wrote you-a lot of letters-Lady A. What about them? I daresay there were-I remember, now, that there were,



What does the wretched woman mean ?"

Vernon, Where are they? Did you burn Lady A. Burn them? Burn them? I forget -No-I believe they are where they were then-in my old desk-in my boudoir. Vernon. Go and look.

Lady A. (Runs out and returns immediate-

ly.) They are gone! Vernon. They are stolen. Do you know this handwriting?

Lady A. It is a common, illiterate hand; but I think it is the writing of my last

maid, whom I had to send away. Vernon. Read the letter. Lady A. (Reads it.) Charlie! Good heavens!

What does the wretched woman mean?

Vernon. None of my letters have dates. She believes and she hopes that Lord Avenel will believe that they were written yesterday. (Looks casually at Isabel's cover, where there are her letters.) See! Here is a letter for you in the same writing is a letter for you in the same writing.

Lady A. (Reads) "Madam, I have sent your lover's letters to your husband for him to read. I hope you will all three be pleased." Vernon. Where is your Musband?

Lady A. I suppose he is dressing. What are we to do? Vernon. There isn't much left to do, is there? I must explain the whole truthjecret engagement—found it to be a mis-take—if he will only believe it. How long

is it since the last letter was written? Lady A. Two years—a year before I was Vernon. They were rather strongly worded letters, Isabel—I remember that I thought myself madly in love with you. It was

cause I had known you from childhood, I suppose Lady A. I suppose so. Otherwise it would have been impossible, of course. Vernon. Isabel! As if I could mean that—

I've been in love several times since Lady A. And I've been in love once-and

only once—in my life—and it isn't with you, my dear boy.

Vernon. And now we've got to pay the piper. Avenel is a fiery man—Isabel—and perhaps he's a jealous man—It's all very well to explain, but it's a thing that may rankle.

rankle.

Lady A. I have been wrong—Charlie—It is all my fault. I ought to have explained ong ago. But—I—I was ashamed. I could not bear to think that even a mistake had been made. I ought to have destroyed the letters and told him every-thing. Then, if he chose—he might have sent me away-Ch! I was so foolish

Vernou. It was a thousand pities, Isabel. that you did not burn those letters.

Lady A. I forgot them. They were lying in my desk—I was so happy that I forgot them. I never looked at them. What do they matter to me—now?

Vernon. Nothing—nothing—as you say. Yet
—a thousand pities—
Lady A. And then that detestable woman

Lord A. Did they, really?

found them and—and—I wonder if my husband has those letters yet.

Vernon. There are his letters of the day—(turns them over)—And, Isabel, there is her handwriting—(takes up packet)—See—the packet. There are the letters!

Lady A. Let me see. (Takes the packet.) Yes—It is her handwriting. There is no doubt. This packet contains the letters. (She holds the packet in her hand. They look at each other in silence.)

look at each other in silence.)
Vernon. What is in your thoughts, Isabel? Lady A. Tell me. Vernon. If this packet were dropped in the Vernon. If this packet were dropped in the are: if it were taken quietly away-in my

ady A. Hush! Charlie! Hush! Vernon. (Takes the packet out of her hands). These letters are mine, really, because I wrote them. Let me have them back, Isabel. Then no harm can possibly come to you. It is for your own sake,

Isabel.

Lady A. No-noVernon. They are stolen letters. They
were stolen from your desk by that accursed woman, your maid. Put them
back in your desk-and in the fire afterwards. (Offers her the packet.)
Lady A. No-no. That was my tempta-

Lady A. No-no. That was my temptation—those were my most unworthy thoughts, Charlie—my old friend—my old playfellow—my brother—would you help me to deceive my husband again?

Vernon. You have never yet deceived him. Lady A. I have not told him of things that he ought to have known. And now he is to find out—to be told by a woman who will give the thing all the coloring that belongs to her depraved imagination. I have deceived him. But I will not deceive him any more.

Vernon. Take the packet, then. Put it among his letters. Then farewell to your happiness, Isabel. Think! A revengeful woman seeks to injure you in that point which you will feel the most keenly—the point of honor. All you have to do is to put that packet in the fire.

Lady A. I will not, then. Whatever happens, I will not deceive my husband again.

(Enter Martin.)

Butler. My ford have sent for his letters, my lady. By your leave, my lady. (Sweeps them on to a tray—looks about). I beg your ladyship's pardon—there was a sealed packet—I noticed it among the letters—I don't see it here.

Lady A. It is this packet that you are looking for.

Butler. Thank you my lady. (Stoops and (Enter Martin)

Butier. Thank you, my lady. (Stoops and picks it up.) (As'de)—It's the packet as has the same writing as her letters and his. (Exit Martin.) Vernon. Well, the die is cast. He has now

got the letters.

Lady A. Yes, he has got the letters. He will learn for the first time that his wife has received love letters from another Vernon. A pleasing discovery. What shall you do, Isabel? Lady A. I shall tell him everything-con-

fess all that there is to confess. Vernon. Come-there isn't much, really-Boy and girl business, at the worst. We



"I shall tell him everything."

burning letters-pity they were quite so burning—pity women can't burn things (pettishly). Heavens! What a heap of mischief would be saved if women would burn things! Lady A. Since I was so foolish as not to

Lady A. Since I was so foolish as not to burn these letters, I have a pleasant quarter of an hour before me. Now, Charlie, it's no good getting savage. Leave me for a few minutes with my husband. Go away. You have got a telegram to send, or a letter to post, or something—You have gone to the stables. Go now. Come back in a quarter of an hour. hour. Vernon. And then?

Lady A. You will be guided by circumstances. Above all things, remember that you have nothing to conceal and nothing to be ashamed of. Vernon. And you, Isabel—have you noth-ing to be afraid of? (Exit Vernon.)

ACT IL Lady A. Nothing to be afraid of? Yeseverything. He will learn that the girl he thought innocent of so much as a flirtation had received love letters-written love letters-with another man-had gone through all the business-before he appeared upon the scene at all. Nothing to be afraid of? Everything. Everything. If I lose his respect what will remain of his love? Love dies without respect. To lose his love—to become that miserable thing, a wife unloved—it is a hard price to pay for a girl's mistake. And I might have destroyed the packet! No—no—never!—it was a cowardly thought—a base and unworthy thought. Oh! Here he is-(Enter Lord Avenel.)

Lord A. Good morning, my dear. (Kisses her kindly. Throws his letters, including the packet, carelessly on the table. Where is Vernon?
Lady A. He was here five minutes ago. Gone to the stables, I believe—or some-thing else. Let us have up breakfast.

(Rings bell.) We needn't wait for Charlie. (Enter Martin with tray, places it on table. They sit down. Martin takes off Lady A. You need not stay, Martin-I will

wait on his lordship. (Exit Martin.) Lord A. You mean, my dear, that I am to wait upon you. But why send away the faithful Martin? Lady A. He can come back presently, perhaps. I have something to say to you, first, Guy-in his absence.

Lord A. Is it something very terrible? You look, my dear, as grave as Rhadaman-Lady A. It is a confession. Every confession is terrible. Lord A. Then, my dear, don't make it. (Gets up and leans over her.) What is the matter, Isabel? You look quite pale

Lord A. Then I say, don't make it—I don't want your confessions, my dear. Lady A. You must hear me. Sit down and Lord A. Well-you have your own way al-

ways. Is Vernon to have the confession Lady A. You shall answer that question for yourself. Oh! Guy-how shall I be-Lord A. Better begin somewhere near the



"Guy! what do you mean?" way, always, with confessions. Come, Isabel, my dear, one would think you had committed some kind of crime.

ady A. I believe it is a crime. But you shall hear. It's the confession of a situation.

Lord A. A situation? Well—let us have the situation. In a play, they tell me, the situation is everything.

Lady A. There was once a boy and girl—Lord A. Not uncommon. The world is very

much made that way. Lady A. Oh! Guy, believe me—it is very, Lord A. Go on, dear-with the boy and girl.

Lady A. They were very much together when they were children. When the boy went to school they wrote to each other—Lord A. Dear me! This is very rare and wonderful.

Lady A. They continued to write to each

Lady A. Please do not mock, Guy. It is very, very serious. How can I go on? Well, they wrote to each other after the girl had come out, when they ought not, you know—it was a secret engagement—because they thought they were in love with each other.

Lord A. Lots of young people write to each other because they fancy they are in love. It is a common hallucination. It is not generally known, but half the pri-

is not generally known, but half the pri-vate houses in this country are private lunatic asylums in consequence.

Lady A. Guy—I am so miserable and you will not be serious.

will not be serious.

Lord A. Let me take a kidney, my dearest wife, and a cup of tea and then I will listen. Sorry Charlie is not here while the kidneys are hot—Will you take one? or an egg? Nothing? A little buttered toast—there now—silence for a brief space. (Eats breakfast.)

Lady A. (Lays her head in her hand and sighs.)

Sighs.)

Lord A. (Leoks up.) Dear child—(Finds and takes her hand and kisses it) you don't look well enough to go on with the story. Suppose I finish it for you—(Pushes chair round, takes up newspaper and makes a kind of fan with it o hide his wife's face plays with it as he speaks) wife's face—plays with it as he speaks) Yes, I think I can finish that story. They wrote to each other, this pair of semi-attached lovers, for some time. Their letters became ardent, as becomes young lovers. As for the young gentleman, Romeo himself was not a more extravagant lover. Of course I have never seen his letters, but I can quite understand them—because, you see, my dear, this girl was the most lovely girl in the world, and the sweetest and the best—quite the best—my dear—(Kisses her hand again)—quite the best, I say (Rises and kisses her

forehead).

Lady A. Guy—what do you mean?

Lord A. I am finishing the story for you.

Lady A. But—but that is my story, except
that the girl was nothing of the kind.

She was capable, though she didn't know
it, of the vilest deception.

Lord A. Don't interrupt, if you please,
Lady Avenel—let me see—Oh! yes—they
went on writing to each other until somehow—some day—I really don't know how,
they came to the conclusion that they had
only been playing at love, and they didn't forehead).

only been playing at love, and they didn't mean it in the least. Lady A. It was his exaggeration—he pro-

tested too much—so that the girl began to ask herself—and she found out— Lord A. Yes—She found out? Come, I've given you a good life—now you can go on. ady A. She found out that I—I mean she did not love the young man at all. And I —I mean, she—told him she had made a great mistake and I begged his forgive-

Lady A. And he wrote back to say that he, too, had made a mistake, and we—I mean
—they were to remain good friends always and nothing more—So that was all over.

Lord A. Happily. All over—else what
would have happened to the other man? Lady A. What do you mean? Lord A. Well; there was another man,

Lady A. Ye-yes—there was another man— Lord A. You see—I am always right— Lady A. She was ashamed of this stupid love passage-and she told him nothing

Lord A. After all, a boy and girl business.
What did it matter?
Lady A. She ought to have told him—Not
to tell him was cowardice. He thought
the girl was fresh and innocent and had
never heard any words of love

never heard any words of love.
Lord A. You think he had that opinion?
Lady A. I am sure of it.
Lord A. I find I must finish the story, my dear, after all. It is your turn to listen.
This girl did not tell her real lover that she had made a mistake. But as it was off with the old love before it was off with the old love before it was on with the with the old love before it was on with the new, and as there never had been more than a boy and girl fancy, there was no reason why she should tell him anything unless she chose. Her new lover neither expected nor desired any such confession—He knew that he had the affections of the girl; he trusted her altogether; and if he had known this thing it would not have made him trust her the less—

Lady A. I doubt it. But it is a knotty point. We will argue it another time. Well-they were married—these two—and they lived happy ever afterward.

Lady A. No—they cannot.

Lord A. Ever afterward, I tell you. Meantime the girl had left some of the letters
in her desk; forgotten them, I suppose.

These were found by a maid whom she dismissed, and stolen

I suppose—one knows her kind—she tried to get money on them from the man who had writetn them. She failed; she then threatened to play her last card. She wrote to the lady's husband and offered to sell him the letters. When she got no answer she waited awhile, then tried once more to extort money from the writer of the letters, and when that failed, she sent. them to the lady's husband. Is that your story, Isabel?

Lady A. Yes—yes—yes! But—Guy—how did you know about Charlie? Lord A. My dear, do you suppose that when people in our position get engaged there are not always other people ready to scrape up anything against either of



"I can never forgive you, Isabel."

us? I was told of your boy and girl bustness before our engagement had been made known four-and-twenty hours. Yet both thought it was a secret. My child, everybody knew. Lady A. Oh! Guy-and I was always afraid

Lord A. My dear, I have known it all along, and as for these letters (takes up packet). Yes—this is the handwriting of the creature—could you believe, my dear, that I would stoop to read them? Could you really think that your husband had so little respect for you that he would condescend to open such a packet?

Lady A. Guy-you are too noble! Say only that you forgive me.
Lord A. No. For that would mean that my wife had done something blame-worthy. Forgive you, Isabel? (Takes both her hands and kisses her.) Never. I can never forgive you—believe me. (Lady Avenel sinks into a chair and cov-

(Enter Vernen-looks around-hesitates.)
Lord, A. Ahl: Charlie? My wife and I were just talking about you, and won-dering what you would advise in a particular matter. But the fact is, I have made up my mind— Vernon. As to what?

Lord A. Why, as to a certain packet of letters which some one has tried to mis-use. We need not talk about them. Here they are, and (throwing them into fire) there they are. And now for breakfast. Lady A. (Aside) Guy—I adore you. Curtain.

A Queer Pet.

From the Philadelphia Record. A Tioga man has probably the most curious pet on record. It is nothing more nor less than a trained shrimp. One would scarcely believe a shrimp to be possessed of any intelligence, yet this little crustaccan, whom his master has christened Neptune, really seems to be a most deserving little chap. Neptune is the pride of quite a large aquarium, in which he rules supreme. He is very fond of music, and when his master places a mouth organ against the glass side of the aquarium and plays, Neptune chows every manifestation of joy. He hops around on his tail and twirls his body as though dancing to the time of the music, and when the strains cease he places his little nose against the glass as though begging for more. His favorite airs are "A Life on the Ocean Wave" and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Neptune's master has a little stick which he places in the aquarium, and the shrimp will play about this for hours, standing on his head, turning handsprings and doing other equally remarkable things. tacean, whom his master has christened

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has no rivals.

Curious Information About the Preference for the Right.

IN PRIMITIVE TIMES BOTH WERE USED

Location of Buttons on Men's and Women's Clothes.

OUR BODIES ONE-SIDED

THE OTHER DAY, on offering to shake hands with a selfpossessed "young gentleman," I received from him the left hand for salutation, and his revered parent instantly remarked: "That is the wrong hand." Before I had well gotten out of my mind the thoughts stirred up by this ex-

pression, I saw a carpenter driving nails with his left hand in the most easy-going fashion. There are left-handed players in the base ball field, in the cricket field and the tennis court, and it is curious to note the changes made in the disposition of the "field" in the first two cases, and the evident discomfort of the other players in the third case. We may even see left-handed gunners in the sporting clubs, but the bystanders instinctively draw back when one appears on the line, as If they were afraid that the weapon held in the left hand might shoot round the corner.

These things, and many others of like kind, are considered abnormalities, for men and women are supposed to be normally right-handed and not left-handed. There are, however, some marked inconsistencies, as for instance that we must hold our knife in the right hand and not eat with it, but with the fork held in our left; while a spoon must be held in the right hand, and the soup conveyed to the mouth by that, for every eye at the table would be turned on a person who ventured to use the spoon in the left hand.

It is evident that there must be several points of interest in these differences, which it may be worth while to enumerate although it may be far beyond the reach of ordinary reasoning to discover why the rule of knife, fork and spoon has become an imperative one in "polite" society. The curious in such matters will find much that is amusing, as well as instructive in Mr. Grant Allen's essay on the subject.

What Language Shows. The fact that some persons are lefthanded may start the question whether the human animal was always right-handed, for abnormally often indicates a "try-

Not very long ago the button-holes and buttons of women's dress were on opposite sides to those of men. It may be so to a large extent even now, but I am told on very good authority that with the introduction of tailor-made dresses the old rule is going out of vogue. If so, this last badge of masquipes superjority is doomed. ing back" to an ancestral condition. Now, when we look at our language, and that in when we look at our language, and that in the case of man is a fair test, we find how strongly the comparative force exhibited by each of the hands has left its mark on our common expressions. The right is the "ruling" hand, the left is the "worthless" or the "weaker" hand, if we regard the derivative meanings of the names. In words imported, from the Latin a certain ability is called "dexterity," or right-handedness, while that which has an evil or unsuccessful influence becomes "sinister" or left-banded. In the manner, if we took badge of masculine superiority is doomed, and the future man will have but little difficulty in donning the coat of the new difficulty in donning the coat of the new woman. A man generally carries his loose cash in his right-hand pocket, in order that he may reach it with ease. His pocket handkerchief is placed in the right pocket of his "sack" coat, if low down; in the left breast-pocket if higher up, for a similar reason. His railway ticket and nickels for car fare occurs a middle position on the reason. His railway ticket and nickels for car fare occupy a middle position on the right-hand side, in order that they may be "handy." A soldier wears his sword on the left for convenience; the driver holds his reins in the left hand, while the right carries the whip as his weapon of offense. or left-banded. In bke manner, if we look at words from a livench source, we find that a clever person is "adroit," because he has right-handed qualities, but a clumsy person is "gauche," because his work is left-handed.

Lady A. (Springs to her feet) Guy-you It is evident, that when our race became ideas and things, the rule was that the members of it were right-handed. And if we examine other languages, we find proofs that such a rule existed among the people using them. There is, however, good reausing them. There is, however, good reason for thinking that man originally could use either hand equally well. "This seems a hazardous statement to make about a remote ancestor, in the age before the great glacial epoch had furrowed the mountains of northern Europe; but, nevertheless, it is strictly true and strictly demonstrable. Just try, as you read to draw with the is strictly true and strictly demonstrable. Just try, as you read, to draw with the forefinger and thumb of your right hand an imaginary human profile on the page on which these words are printed. Do you observe that (unless you are an artist, and therefore sophisticated), you naturally and instinctively draw it with the face turned toward your left shoulder? Try now to toward your left shoulder? Try now to draw it with the profile to the right, and

you will find it requires a far greater ef-fort of the thumb and forefinger. "The hand moves of its own accord from without inwards, not from within outwards. Then, again, draw with your left thumb and forefinger another imaginary profile, and you will find, for the same reason, that the face in this case looks right-ward. Existing savages, and our own young children, whenever they draw a figure in profile, be it of man or beast, with their right hand, draw it almost always with the face or head turned to left, in accordance with this natural instinct. Their doing so

s a test of their perfect righthand dness. Among Primitive People.

"But primitive man, or at any rate the most primitive men we know personally, the carvers of the figures from the French bone caves, drew men and beasts on bone or mammoth tusk, turned either way indiscriminately. The inference is obvious. They must have been ambidextrous. Only ambidextrous people draw so at the present day; and, indeed, to scrape a figure otherwise with a sharp flint on a piece of bone or tooth or mammoth tusk, would, even for a practised hand, be comparatively difficult." (Allen.) In connection with this passage it is interesting to examine the reports of the bureau of ethnology, where it will be seen that, although the majority of profiles executed by the North American Indians follow the rule, many faces also turn to the right; and it is found that left-handedness, or rather ambidexterity, is very common among these tribes. But, doubtless, the reader will notice that in writing his hand moves from left to right, and not from right to left. Here is an apparent violation of the principle laid down in the quotation given from Mr. Grant Allen. It is, however, more apparent than real. If you study Egyptian hieroglyphics you will find that profiles invariably look to the left. Hebrew, Arabic, Hindustan and other ancient languages read from right to left. In these carries read from right to left. In these, as in some modern tongues, we have to begin the book at what is to us the wrong end. The reason of this is that the early languages were inscribed, not written. A tablet of marble or a brick formed the page. The right hand could, therefore, carve or impress the symbol in the natural way and pass on. With the introduction of wax tablets of papyrus, and in later times of pass on. With the introduction of wax tablets of papyrus, and, in later times, of parchment and paper, a difficulty arose; for if the hand began at the right and worked leftward, it would obliterate its own work.

Hence, the habit of writing from left to right, so that not only may the writing be clean, but also that it may be visible. With writing from left to right came also reading in the second with the second writing the second with the second writing the second wr ing in the same direction, and one result of this is very currous. We have become so accustomed to move the eyes from left to right that we instinctively look at things in that way. Close your eyes in a near and then open them. You will find unless you make a positive force. and then open them. You will find unless you make a positive effort, that you ges take in the objects on the left had first and then move to the right. This is the way in which we view a landscape or a picture. The painter follows the habit of the writer, and works from left to right to avoid "smudging" his work, and it has been remarked that when several compositions enter into one picture, as in some of the ancient altar pieces, the chronological order runs from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand one.

In Buttoning.

The results of the prevalent righthandedness of man are shown in many curious ways. If we look at dress, we find that a man's button-holes are on the left, while the buttons are on the right. "A man, in buttoning, grasps the button in his right hand, pushes it through with his right thumb, holds the button-hole open with his left and pulls all straight with his left and pulls all straight with his right forefinger. Reverse the sides, and

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Mrs. J. A. Sample Owes Her Strength to This the Best of All Remedies.



For the unforturates who lie awake, staring at every sleepless night is an eternity. Mrs. J. A. Sample of 1558 Broadway, New York city, was afflicted with insomnia until her nerves were on the verge of prostration. She thinks her condition was due to indigestion. Here is what

"I have used Paine's celery compound with marked and decided benefit. It is especially useful in irsomola, arising from indigestion and poorly nourished perves.

"I should add that my granddaughter, Vera Haffeigh, was to thin and puny at the age of ten as to cause us the greatest arxiety. We had no difficulty in inducing her to take Paine's celery and I never saw a healthier, stronger child than

Prine's celery compound has made her." The brain is the center of the nervous system. Sleep alone rests this vital organ, together with the rerves. During the waking hours the nervous

both hands at once seem equally helpiess.'

The right hand is the seat of honor at

has come into use for the post of dignity in matters both sacred and secular. We hold out the right hand of fellowship, not so

much, perhaps, from any sense of its su-periority as because, in days gone by, it was found that if it was extended in greet-

ing, it could not be used to grasp the sword, and thus give an unforeseen blow.

In the way of tools, screws are made to be turned by the right hand, and that use-

ful articles at picnics—a corkscrew—is fitted for dextral and not sinistral use.

Ciocks and watches run round from left to

right, as the sun appears to do; although the earth, whose time they are keeping, is

so perverse as to move from right to left.

In walking down the street we keep to the right-hand, and that is the rule of the

road in driving, as well as the way in which trains move along the track.

come mixed up. The Romans held that a lightning flash from left to right was pro-

pitious, while one from right to left was

unfavorable. It may have been because,

as the lightning was supposed to be hurled

by Jove, from left to right would be the

way in which it would be seen if the Deity

had his face toward the suppliant; but if

Jove turned his back on the watchers, the lightning hurled by his right hand would

move from right to left.

But why is there this difference in our hands at all? The truth is, our bodies are one-sided. The heart is, after all, a very

important item in a man. An injury to it is fatal. Hence, even savage man found out that he had to defend it, and devised

the plan of covering the region of his body where it is located with a shield. Blows,

therefore, were struck by the right arm, and soon right showed might. With fre-quent use in this way followed aptability

in other ways; and as each generation of the imitative genus followed not its own

bent, but the practices of its predecessors,

right-handedness became the mark of the individuals, and, although there might be

less necessity for striking blows with each generation, the right hand did not "forget its cunning." Civilization has adopted the

principle as a law of polite society, and, therefore, to be right-handed is right, to be

left-handed is wrong. I must cut my food, write my letters, greet my friends, and do

a thousand other things with my right

for that is right, but, according to a cer-

tain phrase of the code, I may tell an un-

truth, if I qualify it by the phrase "over

TEAPOT COLLECTING.

Fad That Many Women Find Ex-

ceedingly Interesting.

As a fad it is as harmless as it is inter-

esting, and in both respects it ranks with

the craze for pitchers, great and small. An

Englishwoman an artist, who spent some

years in Japan, managed while there to ac-

cumulate more than a thousand, of which

no two had the same pattern. There were black pots and white, blue pots and gray,

big pots, little ones; pots in glaze, in

crackle, in yellows and browns and reds

and blacks. One was like an old man,

whose head formed the lid, and could be

set at any angle. Others were in the shape of birds, beasts and fowls, not to mention

fish, frogs, a beetle or two and a fat, squirmy eel. Buddha even was pressed into service as a model. There were lotus-

bud pots, and other pots in semblance of a tea house. One huge caldron-like affair held three gallons, and at least a dozen specimens would not have contained a thimbleful. Among these were several swans—all truer than life, correct to the last curl of neck and feether and of a circ

last curl of neck and feather, and of a size to be hidden in the palm of your hand.

As to material, there were inlaid silver, hammered copper, iron-most exquisitely wrought-silver-gilt alloys, and all the

myriad sorts of Japanese pottery. It was, in fact, a liberal education in teapots to

Corroborated.

From Truth.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Our Bodies One-Sided. When we come to-augury, matters benerves is much greater and more destructive than most folks even dream of.

The all-important thing for nervous, run-down persons, and for those who are losing sleep, is that Paine's celery compound builds up the whole physi-cal system, and by improving the digestion and regulating the nerves it insures sound, refreshing

In winter most wemen and many men lead hothouse lives. A flagging appetite, a disposition to pick at this dish and that, rather than to eat a square meal, is among the early indications of fall-ing health. Then comes delay in falling asleep, and the fretful, uneasy feeling the next day.

Deliverance from such a miserable condition by the use of Paine's celery compound has caused men and women from every section of the United States to write sincere, hearty words of praise and thank-

MINING ON THE COAST.

The Barkeeper's Pay Was Gauged by

Gathered in and around Butte are men

who have mined in almost every country

under the sun, but although charming con-

versationalists in the society of their

friends, for some unaccountable reason

they become suddenly dumb when ap-

reporter's luck yesterday to run against

one who talked in an interesting way. He

was a large, rather fine-looking man, ap-

parently about seventy years of age, and

a man who had watched with close interest

the progress of mining on the Pacific coast

from pan to little giant and from hand-made black powder cartridges to dinnymite. "When gold was discovered by Marshall

in that tail race Sutter was digging for his

saw mill at Coloma, not a man in that country knew a thing about mining. Never heard how they knew it was gold, hey? Well, there has been a great many stories told about it, but here is the right one. It

was a little nugget Marshall picked up, worth three or four dollars. Each one of

the gang looked at it, bit it, tasted it, rub-

er boarded the hands. She was making soft soap from pine ashes lye. Marshall

they were all low enough, but the cross

was no improvement on the general run

was a great improvement over the willow pan and knife. In the fall of '49 picks,

shovels, iron pans, and sheet iron for rock

outside. Rockers sold for three ounces, shovels half an ounce apiece, picks the same; pans for a quarter of an ounce, gum

boots an ounce a pair, and whisky a pinch a drink. That was the price in mining

to catch the gold. The ends of the rock

the Size of His Finger and Thumb.

From the Butte Daily Inter-Mountain.

fulness for this grand invigorator. People enjoynervous condition, and prolonged insomnia leads in every case to prostration, and too often to dread insentry. The mischief that results from weakened the nerves, of which insomnia is one of the symptores, will understand bow hard it is to overstate the torment of this condition. And whoever has been n-ade completely well by Paine's celery compound feels that no words can overstate the joy and gratitude such persons feel.

This is the state of mind of thousands of perve

sickly, broken-down persons who have used Paine's cclery compound and been made well.

Mrs. Sample tells of the happy result in the case of her grandchild. One of the most conspicuous in-

stances of the remarkable power of Paine's celery compound over debility is shown in the relief it has afforded children. Of course, the dose is adapted to the age of the little patient. The compound purifies the blood and corrects any tendency to constipation. Pale, puny children are made vigorcus, rosy and healthy by this incomparable

DON'T TURN AND STARE.

The Absorbing Interest in Dress Characteristic of Women.

From the Nineteenth Century. Two women pass each other in the street of a provincial town; they are not acquainted, yet it is long odds that one of them turns around to look after the other-very short odds against both doing so. It is not the gait, or the figure, or the hair of the preached by a newspaper man. It was a stranger that has attracted attention, it is the dress, and not the person within it. The gentle anarchists who are busy organizing the debrutalization of man will, of course, attribute this little failing to the vacuity of the feminine mind by reason of man's tyranny in excluding women from boards of directors and other intellectual since the historic days of '49.

"Yes, I was out in Californy in the old days," he replied to a question, and then added with a pleasant smile, "I was thar

It may be conceded that psychology and millinery, but this would be but a dull world and far uglier than it is if every woman had a soul above chiffons. Odds grenadine and tarlatan! that were a consummation by and tariatan! that were a consummation by no means desirable. No, let all men who have eyes to see withal or hearts to lose set great store by the pains bestowed on pretty dressing: but if one may speak and live, the art should be studied with subtler tact than is sometimes seen. It should be better concealed it is distributed. better concealed; it is distressing to see a better concealed; it is distressing to see a young woman's eyes wandering over the dress of her with whem she is talking, for if the mind be, engaged in taking note of external detail, conversation ceases to be intercourse, and becomes the crackling of thorns under the pot.



camps. A pinch was what a barkeeper could take between his forefinger and thumb. They had big fingers and thumbs in those days, and a barkeeper's salary was measured by their size. Wages was an ounce a day.

"The 'Georgia bumper' displaced the rocker. It was something like a rocker, but much larger, and had several 'riffles' ers bump against blocks of wood to jar the gravel in the screen, and between riffles. A bumper cost \$200; a wheelbar-row two ounces, and a China pump \$25. That made a bumper mining outfit. The bumper didn't last long, for the 'Long Tom' soon took its place. That was a stationary





affair with a long screen in which the 'pay dirt' was thrown. Water was conducted on the screen, the 'wash' falling through the perforations while one of the hands forked out the rooks or small stones. out the rocks or small stones. THE FACE IN ILLNESS. To the Trained Eye It Quickly Shows a Patient's Condition. From the Trained Nurse.

The face is a good index to the state of one's physical being, and from it symptoms of disease can be detected almost before the patient is aware that anything serious is the matter with him. For instance, incom plete closure of the eyelids, rendering the whites of the eyes visible during sleep, is a symptom in all acute and chronic diseases of a severe type; it is also to be observed when rest is unsound from pain, wherever

the oscillation of the cycballs, or squinting, heralds the visit of convulsions. Widening of the orifices of the nose, with movements of the nostrils to and fro, point to embarrassed breathing from disease of the lungs or their plural investment.

Contraction of the brows indicates pain in the head; sharpness of the nostrils, pain in the chest, and a drawn upper lip, pain in the abdomen. To make a general rule, it may be stated

Twitching of the eyelids, associated with

that the upper third of the face is altered in expression in affections of the brain, the middle third, in the diseases of the organs

Proof Positive. From the Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

run an eye over the ranks of them. Several specimens had cost nearly a hundred dollars each; yet, such is the cheapness of and passed the physical examination and artistic handicraft in the far east, many of the others had been bought for a few cents. Yet altogether the assemblage was reckthe civil service examination, and has duly seen a few people with pulls, and has got his appointment, and his uniform, and his billy, and twisters, and revolver, and has had a beat marked out for him, he feels at last that he is really a policeman, but when he sees a dirty-faced small boy stick his head around a corner at a safe distance and shout, "Aw, go chase yourself!" and then run violently away, he is absolutely